

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.  
Is Published Every Thursday by  
**S. HENRY SMITH, Proprietor.**  
OFFICE OF MERCHANT STREET,  
(South Side)  
Five Doors West of Public Square.

**Terms of Subscription.**  
Invariably in advance.  
One copy, one year.....\$1.50  
Club of ten to same Post-office.....12.50  
Club of twenty to same Post-office.....25.00  
Club rates do not apply to the city  
of Ste. Genevieve.

**OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**  
**Twentyeth Judicial Circuit.**

Circuit Judge—Wm. Carter.  
Circuit Attorney—R. B. Cahoon.  
Counties comprising the Circuit, and  
times of holding Court therein:  
Bollinger—2d Mondays in March and  
September.  
Madison—4th Mondays in March and  
September.  
Perry—3d Mondays in April and Octo-  
ber.  
Ste. Genevieve—1st Mondays in May and  
November.  
St. Francois—3d Mondays in May and  
November.

**Ste. Genevieve County Officials.**

Representative—A. F. Beltrami.  
Circuit Clerk—Joe Bauman.  
County " —John L. Boggy.  
Sheriff—Robt. G. Madison.  
County Court Justices—A. S. Jen-  
nings, Miles A. Gilbert, and Herman Li lie.  
County Attorney—J. B. Robbins.  
Treasurer—L. Hest Vail.  
Assessor—Joseph Vansickles.  
County Surveyor—B. C. Amoreau.  
Public Administrator—S. A. Guignon.  
Ste. Genevieve County Court meets on  
the third Mondays in January, April and  
July, and first Monday in October.  
Justice of the Peace Court, second Sat-  
urday in each month.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**FIRMIN A. ROZIER.**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
OFFICE 1 BANK BUILDING.  
Ste. Genevieve, Mo.

**CHAS. C. ROZIER.**  
**A Torney at Law,**  
**REAL ESTATE AGENT,**  
Conveyancer and Notary Public,  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.  
Will promptly and faithfully attend to all  
business entrusted to him, and will be as-  
sisted by Messrs. Robinson & Clardy in all  
Circuit and Supreme Court cases.  
[?] Collections made a specialty.

**F. J. MOREAU,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

**J. B. ROBBINS,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Office opposite Janis & Cox,  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.

**JNO. B. ROBINSON, MART. L. CLARDY,**  
Perryville, Mo. Farmington, Mo.  
**ROBINSON & CLARDY,**  
**ATT'YS AT LAW,**  
WILL PRACTICE  
In all the Courts of the 20th Judicial  
Circuit and in the Supreme Court. By

**PAUL L. LEMPRE,**  
**SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &**  
**Real Estate Agent.**  
Ste. Genevieve, - - - Missouri.

**DR. C. S. HERTICH,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

**Chas. F. Carsow, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND**  
**ACCOUCHEUR,**  
Market Street, Opposite Court House.  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO. 1-y

**R. F. LANNING, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN SURGEON**  
—AND—  
**ACCOUCHEUR,**  
Bloomsdale - - - Missouri. 1-y

**DR. J. W. BRAHAM,**  
**Resident Dentist,**  
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO.  
Office and residence on Main Street,  
opposite F. C. Rozier & Son's Store.  
Refers, by permission, to Dr. Her-  
tich. 1-y

**H. KNIERIEM,**  
**Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon,**  
Also  
Cupping, Bleeding and Leeching, and  
Magnetic Battery for the cure  
of Rheumatism.  
Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale.  
3-52

**A. F. BELTRAMI,**  
**Commission & Forwarding Merchant,**  
Ste. Genevieve Landing, Mo.

# FAIR PLAY.

VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1872.

NO. 27.

**Selected Miscellany.**

**The Three Bells.**

BY JOHN J. WHITTIER.

Beneath the low hung high cloud  
That raked her splintering mast  
The good ship settled slowly,  
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
Her signal guns pealed out,  
Dear God! was that Tay answer  
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,  
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:  
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
Yet on the heaving swell  
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,  
Man answered back to man,  
White oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry:  
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,  
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear:  
All night from reefing taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail!  
Ring on, Three Bells, Rescue,  
Above the waves and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,  
I hear the Master's cry,  
And, tossing through the darkness,  
The lights of God drew nigh!

**Deacon Grabshaw's Watermelons.**

BY AUNT POLLY PETERS.

One day, Deacon Grabshaw cum  
rushin' into the house tearin' mad.  
He didn't stop to go round the back  
way, nor to turn down the bottoms  
of his trousers, nor to git the lay-  
seeds out of his hair; but he jest  
fled right into the room whar Hannah  
Hoppergrass and me and Old Moses  
Wagner's wife was quiltin' a bed-  
quilt for the fair down in Turkey  
Holler. Old Moses' wife sho  
screached right out for somebody to  
hold onto her, for she thought mebbe  
Moses had bin drinkin' to much of  
the deacon's hard cider, and had tumbled  
off the haymow, and hurt him-  
self. You see, old Moses was  
a mowin' hay for the deacon that  
afternoon. Hannah she ketched up  
the camphire bottle, and run and held  
it up under Mrs. Wagner's nose, and  
I giv the deacon a doughnut, and af-  
ter a while we got 'em pacified, and  
then the deacon up and told us what  
the fuss was all about.

"It ain't Old Moses at all," sez he;  
"It's them pesky, thievin' boys.  
They've bin and stole the half of them  
watermelons that I've bin a-savin' up  
for Solomon Snyder up in Bugsho  
rough. He offered me a shillin' a  
piece for 'em. Consarn the boys—I  
wish I had 'em here this mornin', I'd fix  
'em."

With that, he gin the nearest chair  
an outrageous kick. It happened to  
be the one that held up the bed quilt  
frame, and the hull thing with all its  
accoutrements cum right down on the  
floor. The deacon was alarmed when  
he seed what he'd done, and set about  
rightin' it up, though, like all the  
rest of the men seet he was more  
bothered than help in sich matters; but  
finally we got everything fixed up,  
and then we all laid our heads togeth-  
er to help the deacon out of his trou-  
ble. Hannah Hoppergrass said  
the best way was to set a trap for  
the boys. No use to tell her—she  
knew.

Old Moses' wife she didn't think  
much of traps, and for her part she  
thought it a poor recommend for 'em  
comin' from a body that had bin set  
in traps for nigh onto twenty year,  
and wasn't no higher now to ketch-  
in a husband than when she begun.  
One good dog was worth forty traps,  
and that dog was Towzer.

"Aunt Polly, what's your opinion?"  
sez the deacon.

"Well deacon," sez I, "I hain't got  
much faith in traps nor dogs, but I  
tell you what I do believe in, and  
that's ghosts. Boys is afraid of them  
critters, and one well rigged up ghost  
set up thar in that watermelon patch  
would do more toward keepin' off  
the boys than all the dogs and traps  
in Christendom."

The deacon he didn't believe much  
in ghots, and he didn't exactly like  
the idea off encouragin' the rise of  
them individuals, but I told him we'd  
call it a scarecrow, and that sorter ap-  
peased him. So, not waitin' to offend  
Hannah and old Moses' wife, he said  
he'd adopt all our plans, and he run  
hum and posted Pat down to Captain  
Smalleorn's arter Towzer, and set  
Sam Steplecomb to riggin' up a  
ghost.

Seem' the ghost affair was my  
idea, I wanted to make it a success,  
and triumph over Hannah and old  
Moses' wife, and so I tramped off over  
to the deacon's to help Sam. I scrap-  
ped together some red flannel and  
some strips of sheets, and a lot of old  
hats and bonnets and boots, and Sam  
he got a bundle of straw for the body,  
and a big cornbasket for the head,  
and he'd cut a hole into it for the  
mouth, and stuck in a hog's jaw-bone,  
makin' it grin horribly, and he'd fixed  
two great red eyes, and painted the  
rest of the head all over white,

'till it was the most frightful-lookin'  
object that was ever sot onto two  
legs. Well, we glued it, and sewed it,  
and tied it, and nailed it together,  
and when we'd got the thing rigged  
up, Sam he stepped back and pro-  
nounced it a perfect ghost; but, land  
sake, I cum nigh faintin' away at the  
sight. When Sam took it out into  
the lot every hen, and cat, and crow  
for a mile disappeared instanter, and  
all the dogs and small boys took  
themselves out of sight on a sudden,  
and withal that was sich a cawin',  
and cacklin', and caterwaulin' that  
the deacon and his wife, ben' nigh-  
about scared to death, tumbled over  
one another in their hurry to git out  
and see what the terrible turnout was  
all about. By this time Pat he'd ar-  
riv with the steel trap, and Mike he'd  
arriv with Towzer, and they set the  
trap under the fence, and tied the  
dog up to a tree, and then the de-  
acon said everything was got ready  
for the watermelon thieves.

Well, that night thar was to be a  
lecture in Thrasherville. One of  
them ar travlin' Millerites cum along  
and gin out he'd hold forth in the  
red schoolhouse, and convince all  
folks against their will that the world  
was a comin' to an end in just three  
weeks. The deacon he didn't believe  
in no sich doctriens, and he vowed he  
wouldn't go a step, but Captain Small-  
corn cum along and said he'd better  
go, 'cause Parson Powers would be  
thar, and he'd be sure to have his  
sermon onto it next Sunday, and them  
that didn't hear the lecture would  
lose the benefit of the sermon; and  
and so the deacon agreed to it at last,  
and arter tellin' Sam to watch the  
watermelons, he stuffed his pockets  
full of crackers and started.

Everybody was thar as usual. The  
lecturer was one of them long-whisk-  
ered, long-haired, woe-begone lookin'  
critters, and the way he did go on  
about things in general was astonish-  
in'. Peared as though he was mad  
at everybody, and he went up into  
the clouds arter thunder to heave at  
'em and down into the airth arter  
coals of fire to chuck at 'em, and he  
talked about airtquakes and hurly-  
canes and volcanoes, and made out  
how all creation was agoin' to ever-  
lastin' smash and ruin, till all the  
people were scared out of their sen-  
ses.

The deacon he was powerfully  
worked up, for he wanted to git his  
outs thrashed and his corn in afore  
the crash come, 'cause the lecturer  
said thar wouldn't be no tellin' what  
would be arter that, and the mornin'  
the meetin' broke up, he riz up and  
pinted for the door. The day had  
bin awful sultry, and just as the de-  
acon got outside thar cum a heavy clap  
of thunder. Somebody hollered out  
that the crash was a comin', and the  
deacon without stoppin' to look be-  
hind him, cut and run, makin' a bee  
line for hum across lots. He was so  
excited he didn't see the scarecrow,  
nor think nuthin' about it, till he run  
and bumped his head right against the  
cornbasket.

The deacon give one look and  
sounded back about a red. He was

scared now wuss than ever, for he be-  
lieved not only the Day of Judge-  
ment had arriv' but that the Ole Boy  
himself had cum arter him, and the  
way he did make tracks out of that  
watermelon patch was amazin'.  
Why the dirt flew so thar warn't no  
tellin' which was the deacon and  
which was the scarecrow, and what  
was the most curus of all the scare-  
crow up and put straight for him.  
Well, the deacon he scratched, and  
the scarecrow that scratched arter  
him, till he got to the fence and his  
foot went down plump into the trap.  
He thought the ghost, or whatever it  
was, had grabbed him by the leg, and  
he jest shot his eyes and gin himself  
up a goneer. But he didn't forget to  
holler. Old Towzer, on the other  
side of the fence, he heard the noise,  
and he bristled right up and howled  
and barked and spit fire like all pos-  
sessed, terrifyin' the deacon so he  
bellowed wuss than a roarin' steam  
injin.

In the midst of the melee out runs  
Mike, Mrs. Deacon Grabshaw, and  
the six junior female Grabshaws, and  
all on 'em, laborin' under the idea  
that the boys had got in among the  
watermelons, had bin and armed  
themselves accordingly. Mike hed  
sized onto the hosswhip, and the de-  
acon's wife she'd grabbed the tack-  
le, and Arabeller, she'd ketched up  
deacon's bootjack, and Melissa she'd  
got the tongs, and all the rest of the  
Grabshaw family was flourishin'  
broomsticks, gridirons, rollin' pins,  
and fryin' pans enough to set a timid  
man like the deacon crazy. When  
they'd all got out of doors, the first  
thing they seed was the deacon in  
the trap, and everyone put straight for  
him, and Mike he laid the hosswhip  
around his legs, and the deacon's wife  
she poured that water onto his head,  
and the rollin' pins rattled, and the  
fryin' pans sizzled, and the broom-  
sticks whistled, and deacon spluttered  
and roared, and the dog raved and  
tore, and the ghost hid under the  
fence.

"We'll teach you to cum sneakin'  
round and stealin' things," sez the  
deacon's wife, turnin' the teakettle  
bottom side up.

"Bad luck to ye, y's thafe of the  
world," sez Mike, cuttin' away with  
the hosswhip.

"It's me," howled the deacon.

"Sure, and don't I know it's you—  
the same thievin' rascal that stole the  
deacon's water-melons last night.  
Reckon ye've got ketched this time  
in a trap ye warn't countin' on, and  
I advise you to be a pullin' out on't  
atore Towzer gits loose, 'cause he  
won't make many mouthfuls on ye."

The deacon did pull, the rope  
parted, he gin one yell and put for the  
house, and the dog broke loose the  
minit and pilled arter him, and the  
ghost or scarecrow he riz up and pilled  
arter the dog, and they ail cum a  
tumblin' over the garden fence, the  
deacon first and the dog, trap and  
scarecrow right arter him.

Right under the gooseberry bushes  
Pat was carrin' on a flirtation with  
Bridget, and when they seed the  
dog, fence and deacon cum crashin'  
down in a pile, and the cornbasket  
with it's grinnin' face and swingin'  
around loose, they was tremendously  
scared, and they did make tracks out  
of that garden quicker. Mike Mrs.  
Deacon Grabshaw, and the six junior  
female Grabshaws, secin' the scare-  
crow had cum to life, dropped their  
weapons, and all on 'em scrambled  
like tury in the same direction, but  
Pat and Bridget they got into the  
houst first and hid in the pantry.

Now it happened jest about this  
time Parson Powers dropped in to  
discuss the lecturer along with the de-  
acon, and hearin' the terrible hubbaloob  
outside, he thought mebbe the lectur-  
er's words were cumin' true arter all,  
and so out he runs to see the specta-  
cle; but in the dark he opened the  
wrong door, and pitched right into  
Pat and Bridget.

"Och murther, it's the ghost,"  
yelled Pat, reachin' up hold of a tub  
of eggs, and upsettin' 'em all over the  
parson's head.

"Whist! help!" called Bridget,

boundin' onto the shelf, and turnin'  
over six pans of milk onto the par-  
son's new Sunday suit.

The "ghost" got out of that pantry  
mighty sudden, and jest then the hull  
household cum barstin' in, with the  
deacon at the head.

"Well, I never!" sez the parson.  
"Take off this confound trap!"  
roared the deacon.

So the trap was wrenched off from  
the deacon's leg, and Towzer was  
thrashed out of the room, and the hull  
family turned their attention to the  
scarecrow, which had follered 'em in,  
and now stood grinnin' in the cor-  
ner. All on a sudden the big bushel-  
basket tumbled off, and out popped  
the head of Sam Steplecomb. The  
deacon was madder than a hornet  
when he seed the joke that had bin  
played on him, but then it don't do  
any good to talk about sich things.  
He must play his pranks off onto  
somebody.

**Modest Genius.**

A short time ago, on a rainy day, a  
young handsome, care-worn, poorly  
dressed lady was observed passing to  
and fro, for several hours, on a Broad-  
way block in which is located one of  
our large publishing houses. Every  
time she passed this place, going up  
or down, she cast a furtive glance in  
at the door. At last, when she was  
at one time hurrying past the door,  
she whipped out from under her  
shawl a large roll of manuscript, flung  
it on the floor, and disappeared round  
the corner. Some of the clerks, who  
had observed the incident, followed  
in her track, but failed to catch sight  
of her. The publisher found  
that the manuscript was a novel, and  
he handed it to a literary expert for  
perusal. This expert says that it is  
a remarkable production, which has  
burst from the heart of an unknown  
child of genius. I suppose it will  
some time or other see the light; and  
we must hope it will be the means of  
giving fame and fortune to the timid  
author, who was drenched as she  
walked to and fro, with heavy heart,  
in the rain-storm.

Dear Spice.—I see that you pub-  
lish in your column the funny say-  
ings I sent you, from our old Diag-  
ones, and enclosed I send you some  
more.

Some one asked him to define non-  
sense.

"He said it was nonsense to plug  
a rat hole with a tallow candle."

Being asked who was the best  
lawyer in the town? he replied, "the  
one who has the least practice."

And who the best doctor? "the one  
who don't practice any."

And who the best minister? "the  
one who can practice better than he  
can preach."

This old philosopher defines man  
as follows:—"man is a two-legged  
instrument, who eats three meals a  
day, if he can get them, and specu-  
lates for a livin'."

Some one told him that the legis-  
lature had passed a law, levying a  
tax on old bachelors, he said, "this  
was as it should be, for we old bache-  
lors are a luxury, and all luxuries  
should be taxed."

His opinion of Erawin's theory is  
this, "man no doubt sprung from the  
monkey, but what bothers me is, what  
the monkey sprung from."

A huge black dog, the pet of a lit-  
tle girl, was in the habit of enterin'  
a saloon in the neighborhood of the  
girl's residence. One day the dog,  
which was named Scott, was seen to  
enter the saloon, and soon after, the  
girl approached the door, and timidly  
asked if Scott was there. The gentle-  
man, to perplex the girl, mischiev-  
ously answered, "I am Scott; my  
name is Scott." The girl blushed,  
and innocently replied, "Oh, I don't  
mean you; I mean the other dog."

A Western editor receiving an in-  
vitation to take tea with a lady friend  
accepted.

While at the table the lady observed  
that he had no spoon for his cup.

"Is it possible," said she, "that I  
forgot to give you a spoon? I could  
not have made such a mistake!"

"I have no spoon, madam," said the  
editor, rising from his seat: "and if  
you don't believe it, you may search  
me."

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

**Rates of Advertising:**  
One square, 35 words, one insertion.....\$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion.....50  
Business cards, 1 inch space, per year \$5.00  
One column, one year.....25.00  
One half column, one year.....12.50  
One quarter column, one year.....6.25  
On-played advertisements charged by  
the inch.  
All transient advertising must be  
paid for in advance.  
Yearly advertisements payable quar-  
terly in advance.

**Oddandendographs.**

Counterfeit postage stamps are in  
the market.

A young man who keeps a collec-  
tion of locks of hair of his lady friends  
calls them his hair-breath escapes.

Geo. Peck, of Ottawa, Illinois, in-  
dulged in a Sunday hunt, and shot  
himself dead getting out of the  
buggy.

Mrs. Conrad Sauer, more than  
seventy years old, died in Lancaster,  
Pa., from the effects of a drunken  
debauch.

Mrs. Vandeventer, a revolutionary  
pensioner, died recently at Marion,  
Ind., aged one hundred and four  
years.

Dutch John, an old and infirm pau-  
per of Lake county, Ind., lay down  
in a meadow, and was killed and eaten  
by hogs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, of Geneva, N.  
Y., died recently from congestion of  
the stomach produced by a piece of  
cloth four inches square she had swal-  
lowed.

Ann Campbell, a dairy maid of  
Cornwall, Canada, died at the tender  
age of one hundred and thirty-one  
years recently.

Maine has an inmate in her insane  
asylum, Mrs. Betty Crocker, ninety-  
six years old. She was born in the  
camp of the Revolutionary army in  
1776.

Miss Ella Garfieldson and Miss  
Nannie Butler, of Muscatine Ia., are  
gone on a tour through Europe unem-  
barrassed and unaccompanied by the  
biged man.

Eighteen years ago the place whar  
Omaha, Neb., stands, was a piece of  
untouched prairie. It now contains  
20,000 inhabitants.

A Londoner was recently sen-  
tenced to four months imprisonment  
with hard labor for burning out a  
cat's eye and knocking its teeth  
down its throat.

At Washburn, Ill., a girl eight  
years old fired a revolver into the  
mouth of her infant niece two years  
old. A funeral next day.

The heaviest storm in Minnesota  
resides in Stanton, and weighs 640  
pounds. Her daughter recently dis-  
tinguished herself by giving birth to  
triplets, all boys.

A Galesburg man played highway-  
man one dark night for the benefit of  
a particular friend, and had one of  
his ears shot off. He thinks the  
swelling up of the joke was entirely  
practical.

A boy died a few days ago in Bos-  
ton (whar they have a prohibitory  
liquor law) from the effects of drunk-  
ness, induced by the persussion of  
sundry other small urchins.

A young lady, one of the daughters  
of Mr. Richard Muttar, of Milltown,  
near Bathurst, New South Wales,  
some time ago bent off a burglar who  
was attempting to rob her father's  
house.

Jacob L. Glass and Mrs. Mary A.  
Bell, of Shelby county, Ky., met for  
the first time lately, loved at first  
sight, were married that night, and  
immediately left for Louisville in a  
buggy on a bridal tour.

This is the worst year that has ever  
been known in Kansas for pulling  
guns out of wagons, muzzles first. A  
woman in Jewel county has just pull-  
ed one, and now has to part her  
hair on the side her only arm is on.

The wife of a professional gambler  
at Omaha, lately seeing a needy woman  
begging, went to her husband's  
gambling den and raised a consider-  
able sum of money from the blacklegs  
there assembled, which she presented  
to the poor stranger.

Miss Nellie Margach, of Mendon, N.  
Y., is, or rather was, "a poor shot."  
Recently while shooting at a mark  
with a pistol, she fired so wildly that  
instead of hitting the object aimed at  
she shot herself through the head, in-  
flicting a wound that soon proved fa-  
tal.

So immense is the demand for the  
eyes of peacocks' tails, as necessities  
to the art of millinery, that a benev-  
olent gentleman thinks it will soon  
be time to establish a blind asylum for  
peacocks without eyes.

A young Briton lately lost a large  
sum by betting on spiders. He wa-  
gered that a spider which he would  
produce would cross a plate quicker  
than a spider to be produced by a  
friend. Each spider was to have its  
own plate. His opponent's spider,  
however, on being started, would not  
stir, whilst his rival ran with im-  
mense speed. The bet was conse-  
quently lost; and the loser soon found  
out the reason why—his opponent had  
a fast spider.